

*Why I Will Not
Imitate Four
Hawaiians*

by Joe Cook

NUMBER
943,432,471-H

CAPITAL
The Joe Cook Ama
Radium

OF NORTH

ON
NEVER GIVE A SU

Honorary President
JESSE JAMES, ESQ.

PAR VALUE
NONE

In Witness Whereof, the duly authorized
scribes their names and caused the corporate
day of.....A.D. 193

*It is hereby understood that in case by accident I should happen
to die, and the stock should be worth something, the purchaser agrees to sell back to me
the stock at the price of \$100.00 per share, which you may see*

8731-4-7
109

SHARES
10

STOCK OF

gamated Anticipated Mines

AMERICA

Motto

WE CAN MAKE AN EVEN BREAK

Vice-President

DICK TURPIN

VERY

COMMON STOCK

Officers of this corporation have hereunto sub-
scribed and caused to be hereto affixed, this

to be used in the event of a Radium Mine, thereby making this certificate
the said certificate to the company at our own price,
assured will be very small

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THE END
THANK GOD

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COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND

plete and original version of "Frankie and Johnnie." A few of the things he does on the stage are plain and fancy juggling, juggling with his feet, sharpshooting from a slack wire, trapeze work, plays ten different musical instruments, feats of magic, tap dancing, catches (or misses) lighted matches with his mouth and imitates three Hawaiians but not four. He has twenty-six signs in his dressing room saying "No Smoking" in thirteen different languages, but he doesn't mind if you smoke. He likes to find odd restaurants and strange dishes; he has cooked spaghetti for three hundred people at one sitting but claims he can do better with Mulligan Stew.

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thus fastening the candle to the bottom of the bottle. Then I lit the candle; tied a string around the neck of the bottle, hung it to the chandelier, and there was the first **ELECTRIC LIGHT**. Crude you might say, but nevertheless an **ELECTRIC** Light.

Immediately a gleam came into Tom's eye and I said to myself, "He's up to something." Sure enough, less than six months later he put on the market the incandescent globe. The light that you all use in your offices, homes, and stores, and you can't deny it because I have been investigating; while my invention is a total failure due to the lack of purchasers.

Now this is my contention. I maintain, that if you, the public, prefer Mr. Edison's invention to my invention, and you use his electric light and don't use my electric light, why should I, a man weighing nearly 150 lbs., just for your edification, go to the trouble of imitating **FOUR HAWAIIANS**.

A NOTE ABOUT THE AUTHOR

(With a bow to SAMUEL MARX and *Broadway Portraits*)

JOE COOK made his first public appearance as an entertainer at the age of ten. He got the job by showing an agent a picture of himself juggling seventeen balls; the picture was faked by hanging the balls in the air with invisible wires. The City Authorities stopped his performance because of his age a minute before the agent would have stopped it because of his performance. He thinks vaudeville the best training for an actor; always carries a pencil and notebook to jot down ideas for jokes; his real name is Joseph Lopez; his favorite recreation is shooting clay pipes in a shooting gallery; always wears a cap. Guests of his home at Lake Hopatcong are requested to burn their signatures into his piano—it has 948 signatures. He doesn't like women on parties, was the second white man to play a ukelele, regrets that his talent for short-changing cannot be displayed upon the stage. His ambition is to meet a real Hawaiian: once he thought he saw one in vaudeville but it turned out to be Buddy De Sylva; thinks he could drink a whole barrel of real beer at one sitting but is afraid to try; is one of the few men who knows the com-

Edison, but I gave Edison two of his very best ideas. That is: he got the idea of the talking machine from my mother-in-law, and the idea of the electric li . . . , but I am getting ahead of my story.

Here's just the way it happened. Years ago, Tom and I were like cornflakes and milk. Where you'd see Tom you'd see me, where you'd see me you'd see Tom. We used to go walking down the street together arm-in-arm, one after the other, with our beards flying in the wind. Tom had the longest beard I've ever seen. He had to carry it folded over his arm to keep from tripping on it. Later on he had it cut off and made up into a mattress. (This was my suggestion and led to the inventing of the hair mattress, which is also credited to somebody else.)

In those days, they had stores on the different corners with doors that used to swing in-and-out. Tom and I were always swinging in-and-out.

One day we were seated in the back room of such an establishment, when Tom says to me, "Joe, it's a shame the way we have to stand for this gloomy atmosphere caused by these gaslights."

I says, "Tom, I quite agree with you. There should be some improvement over those lights."

And he said, "What would you suggest?"

And I said, "How about an electric light?" Slipped out of me before I could think that I was talking to another inventor.

And he says, slyly, "Drink up, have another one." Trying to get me in that condition where I would get gabby and tell all I knew about my new invention.

Well, sir, sure enough, less than a half hour later, I was telling the whole business. I took an empty b**r bottle that happened to be standing on the table, dropped a candle through the neck of the bottle, held it over the gas stove till the wax melted,

HANDY INFORMATION

From March 18, 1888 to March 18, 1898 is exactly ten years.

Independence Day falls on the Fourth of July.

Toast left too long on the fire will burn.

The letter U always follows the letter T in the English alphabet.

Washington (George) was the first President of the United States.

The majority of bottles are made of glass.

When pointing, always use the index finger.

The longer you smoke a cigar the shorter it gets.

It is very difficult to get a good drink of rye now-a-days.

$2 + 2 = 4.$

I am an old inventor, but no one heard of me inventing anything for the simple reason that I've always hidden my light under a bushel. (I'm so shy that I frequently hide myself for days in a revolving door.) I don't want the notoriety of appearing in public places and having all the little newsboys point me out and say, "That's him, there's the fellow who invented the folding tooth-pick," or whatever I invented. So I did all my inventing under fictitious names.

But, at last, I have decided that my name should go down on history's page as it well deserves. Therefore, for the first time, I am really going to tell who and what I am.

You have all heard of Robert Fulton, the man who invented the steamboat and the fish-market. I am Robert Fulton. Laugh and scorn though you may, I still maintain, *I am* Robert Fulton. And you have all heard of Thomas Edison, the inventor of the electric light. Well, I am not Thomas

But, then, a clean-cut narrative like the above would gain me no endearment to the older folks of today who, from what I gather, prefer a dash of tabasco or de Maupassant seasoning in all their fiction.

If I composed something snappy I would be afraid of it falling into the hands of some four-year-old child who, after sneaking up to the garret to read it, would probably feel the urge of stepping out and hitting the high spots, which at the age of four is liable to cause rings under the eyes.





The Peace in Her Eyes Was Reflected by the Noble
Steed as They Waited in the Woods

(See Page 226)

hearty handshake, and as I watched Bill amble up the street, I decided that I would never write a book after his style because if I did, the younger set would be off me for life.

Of course, I could get to be buddies with the younger set by dishing out a wholesome novel on the Horatio Alger type. Something on the order of the two midgets who lived in a cabin next door to a giant's mansion.

The midgets, who delivered milk for a livelihood—which job called for getting up early—were unable to sleep at night owing to the giant's penchant for making wahooo during the wee hours.

After drinking a couple of bathtubs of gin, he would click his heels and go running up and down the stairs and about the house. The racket from the pounding of his big flat feet kept the poor little midgets from getting a wink of doze.

One night, in desperation, the midgets

crept into the giant's house through the crack under the door and secreted themselves in the giant's curly locks. When he awoke in the morning, they began to claw furiously with their finger-nails which they had purposely allowed to grow long for the occasion.

This torture finally forced the giant to make a promise that he would behave himself and go to bed early. He also had to guarantee sleepful nights to the midgets' cousins who were left in charge of the milk business while our midgets took the bus for New York, where they started in as boot-blacks and in shorter time than even it took Mr. Alger to tell, they became millionaires; took four bottles of Dr. Johnson's Elixir of Life, and sprouted to full size to become big men about town.*

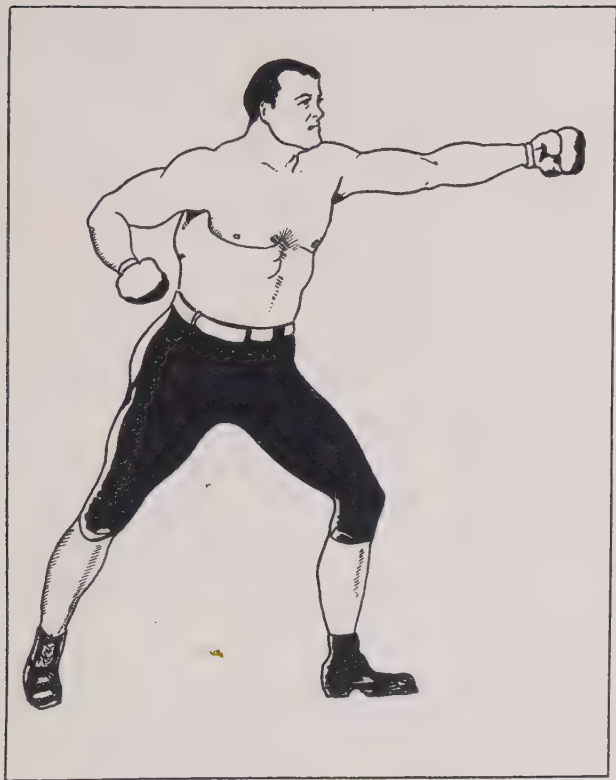
*The "APPIAN WAY" was built in Rome many years B. C. and is famous because it gave us "Quo Vadis."

with baseball, that I tore down the old park one night, moved it further out of town, and built a saloon. The old ELK HORN BAR. You may have heard your fathers speak of it. Six hundred and sixty feet in length and only one bartender. He worked on horseback.

"I'll never forget one hot day in July. The place was crowded. He was working at the 8th Avenue end, when two men came in the 6th Avenue entrance dying of thirst. Digging his spurs deep into the flanks of Man-O-War's great grandsire—after a magnificent spurt—he reached the two men in time to save their lives—having shook up two Gin Rickeys en route. Just picture what a grand sight that must have been, especially on a gold-plated horse. Finally prohibition came along and I had to buy him a motorcycle."

By this time the crowd and Shakespeare were in tears. After tiffin, we parted with a

ITALY'S FAVORITE FIGHTING SON



JOHN L. SULLIVAN

"The Greatest Roman of Them All"

(for record, see frontispiece)

McGraw, and says, 'John.'

"He says, 'What is it, Mr. Delehanty?' (I went under the name of Delehanty for some time.)

"I says, 'Bring me my bat.' So John and three other fellows carried my bat over for me. I used a telegraph pole for a bat in those days. I was very tall at one time but I've been out in the rain.

"Well, sir, I crouch down, in that well-known pose of mine, the ball comes sailing over the pan, I land into the old apple, she goes sailing out, right over the centre-field fence, and at that, I topped the ball.

"I start for first base. The crowds were hollering, 'Hurrah for Weber,'—they knew me under the name of Weber—the fans were cheering, bands playing, the King and Queen throwing kisses to me, the railroads started running excursions into the park, Charlie Lindbergh ran home, got his airplane, and followed me around the bases.

The crowd started to throw money at me. I picked up over nine thousand dollars on my way to first base alone and put it in an old steamer trunk I always carried on my back when I ran bases.

“I light out for second base—third—fourth—fifth—sixth—this was a double-header we were playing—and just as I am sliding home, the umpire, Daniel Boone—Daniel Boone was umpiring—yells out, ‘FOUL BALL’!

“Well, sir, you wouldn’t give a cent for me at that moment. I rushed up to him; threw off my overcoat—we always played in our overcoats—and there I stood in my bathing suit. I got off my bicycle and says, ‘Hey! Where do you get off to call that a foul when I hit the ball to centre-field?’

“And he says, ‘Yes, but you hit the ball over the centre-fielder’s head.’

“Of course he had me there. I couldn’t answer that. This disaster so discouraged me

it's natural you wouldn't. In fact, as I look around at this moment"—we were standing in Times Square at the time—"I see very few of the real old-timers. I mean, men and women who were in this neighborhood when I first settled here years ago."

Pulling a huge megaphone out of my vest pocket I addressed the crowd which was rapidly gathering, and in stentorian tones I hollered, "Who remembers when on this very site formerly stood the old Polo Grounds?"

As no reply came from the awed crowd, I continued, "Well, folks, just as I thought. I'm the only one who knows that. And, I don't mean the old Polo Grounds. I mean the O-O-O-O-L-D Polo Grounds.

"Well, sir, some seventy-two odd years ago this coming Wednesday, we played the deciding game of the season. There were only three cities in the league at that time, New York, Philadelphia, and San Fran-

cisco. We used Frisco to break our jump between New York and Philadelphia. And a million people were at the game that day. I wouldn't be exaggerating if I said there were a hundred.

"Just to give you an idea of the size of the grounds, home plate was right here in Times Square, and the centre-field bleachers—if I'm not mistaken, and I probably *am* mistaken—were over in Jersey City.

"It was in the ninth inning. The score was tied, five to three in favor of us. We needed six runs to win. Babe Ruth's grandfather was pitching. I was playing second base and right field as I was too good for one position. We have four men on base, two men on second, one a little short fellow the umpire couldn't see. My manager says to me, 'Mr. Spalding'—I went under the name of Spalding in those days—he says, 'You're next at bat.'

"So I turned to our batboy, Little Johnny

Of course, to get back to my life-problems, a good idea before becoming an author would be to give the other authors the once over and analyze their success.

I was talking to Shakespeare the other day and I says, "Bill, where do you get off to sell that old junk you wrote years ago?" He hung his head but I kept right after him. "Just to show you how silly your stuff is, here's a couple of lines out of your book—*As You Like It*.

*Sweet are the uses of adversity which
like a toad, ugly and venomous,
wears yet, a precious jewel in his
head.*

"There's no sense to that at all. You could have found much nicer things to write about than a toad, and the idea of you claiming he had a jewel *in* his head. Maybe *on* his head. But, if he had it *in* his head, how did you

find it out?"

He tried to alibi by stuttering something about, "Well, Charlie Dickens is getting away with stuff almost as old as mine and he's a much younger fellow than I am. So if he won't bother about up-to-date ideas, why should I?"

I says, "By the way, how is Charlie?"

He says, "Fine. Saw him the other day and he sends his best regards to you."

I says, "Give him my best regards when you see him again. What's Charlie doing with himself now-a-days?"

Says Bill, "I see him every week-end at the cricket matches."

Says I, "I must drop out with you some day and see a match. Me being an old-time baseball player, I'd like to compare the two sports."

"I don't remember ever hearing of you as a ball player."

"Well, Bill, you not being an old-timer,

me, it was just as good as the regular milk.

“But one morning I came downstairs (I’ll never forget this), I go to the cupboard, and by golly! we were all out of evaporated milk. Not a drop of any sort of milk in the house and, it being Friday, it was the cow’s night out. So what do I do, but take the box of cornflakes, pour them into the bowl, take my two spoonsful of sugar, sprinkle it over as nice as could be, and I ate the cornflakes DRY, with just the sugar.

“Now take it from me, you can profit by my experience, it’s been a long time, but I’ll always remember, *IT’S NO GOOD THAT WAY*. I couldn’t help thinking of it the minute you poked that gun in my face.”

The man with the mask says, “That certainly was a coincidence.”



Connections for the Seaboard Air Line Railway.

Dis- tance.	Light-face type A. M. time—8:36 Heavy-face type P. M. time—8:36	PRR 101 RFLP SAL 11 Daily	PRR 101 RFLP SAL 3 Daily	PRR 101 RFLP SAL 3 Daily	PRR 117 RFLP SAL 3 Daily	PRR 121 RFLP SAL 7 Daily	PRR 125 RFLP SAL 6 Daily	PRR 135 RFLP SAL 191-1 Daily	PRR 139 RFLP SAL 191-1 Daily	PRR 143 RFLP SAL 191-1 Daily
	(Pennsylvania R. R.)	12:30	12:30	12:30	12:30	12:30	12:30	6:50	6:40	7:50
10	Lv. New York Hudson Terminal	12:30	12:30	12:30	12:30	12:30	12:30	6:40	6:30	7:40
10.1	Lv. Newark, N. J. (Park Place)	12:34	12:34	12:34	12:34	12:34	12:34	6:44	6:34	7:44
15.4	* Elizabeth, N. J.	12:44	12:44	12:44	12:44	12:44	12:44	6:54	6:44	7:54
18.0	* Trenton, N. J.	12:54	12:54	12:54	12:54	12:54	12:54	7:04	6:54	8:04
95.3	Lv. North Philadelphia, Pa.	1:09	1:09	1:09	1:09	1:09	1:09	7:19	7:09	8:19
118.0	* West Philadelphia, Pa.	1:19	1:19	1:19	1:19	1:19	1:19	7:29	7:19	8:29
180.5	* Wilmington, Del.	1:29	1:29	1:29	1:29	1:29	1:29	7:39	7:29	8:39
220.1	* Baltimore, Md. (Penna. Sta.)	1:39	1:39	1:39	1:39	1:39	1:39	7:49	7:39	8:49
220.1	Ar. Washington, D. C. (Un. Sta.)	1:49	1:49	1:49	1:49	1:49	1:49	7:59	7:49	8:59
220.3	Lv. Washington (Un. Sta.) (R. P. & P.)	1:50	1:50	1:50	1:50	1:50	1:50	8:00	7:50	9:00
243.0	Ar. Richmond, Va. (Main St. Sta.)	2:00	2:00	2:00	2:00	2:00	2:00	8:10	8:00	9:10
243.0	* Petersburg, Va.	2:10	2:10	2:10	2:10	2:10	2:10	8:20	8:10	9:20
243.0	Henderson, N. C. (S. A. L.)	2:20	2:20	2:20	2:20	2:20	2:20	8:30	8:20	9:30
243.0	* Raleigh, N. C.	2:30	2:30	2:30	2:30	2:30	2:30	8:40	8:30	9:40
243.0	* Southern Pines, N. C.	2:40	2:40	2:40	2:40	2:40	2:40	8:50	8:40	9:50
273.0	Aberdeen, N. C. (Pineb. Sta.)	2:50	2:50	2:50	2:50	2:50	2:50	9:00	8:50	10:00
372.0	Lv. Aberdeen, N. C. (Nor. So. R. R.)	3:00	3:00	3:00	3:00	3:00	3:00	9:10	9:00	10:10
372.1	Ar. Pinckney, N. C.	3:10	3:10	3:10	3:10	3:10	3:10	9:20	9:10	10:20
372.0	Lv. Aberdeen, N. C. (S. A. L.)	3:20	3:20	3:20	3:20	3:20	3:20	9:30	9:20	10:30
360.0	Ar. Hamlet, N. C.	3:30	3:30	3:30	3:30	3:30	3:30	9:40	9:30	10:40
360.0	Ar. Monroe, N. C.	3:40	3:40	3:40	3:40	3:40	3:40	9:50	9:40	10:50
360.0	* Greenwood, S. C.	3:50	3:50	3:50	3:50	3:50	3:50	10:00	9:50	11:00
360.0	Lv. Greenwood, S. C.	4:00	4:00	4:00	4:00	4:00	4:00	10:10	10:00	11:10
360.0	Ar. Augusta, Ga.	4:10	4:10	4:10	4:10	4:10	4:10	10:20	10:10	11:20
360.0	Ar. Athens, Ga.	4:20	4:20	4:20	4:20	4:20	4:20	10:30	10:20	11:30
360.0	* Atlanta, Ga. (Eastern Time)	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30	10:40	10:30	11:40
360.0	Lv. Atlanta, Ga. (Central Time)	4:40	4:40	4:40	4:40	4:40	4:40	10:50	10:40	11:50
360.0	Ar. Birmingham, Ala. (Union Sta.)	4:50	4:50	4:50	4:50	4:50	4:50	11:00	10:50	12:00
360.0	Lv. Birmingham, Ala. (Frisco Sys.)	5:00	5:00	5:00	5:00	5:00	5:00	11:10	11:00	12:10
360.0	Ar. Memphis, Tenn.	5:10	5:10	5:10	5:10	5:10	5:10	11:20	11:10	12:20
360.0	Lv. Atlanta, Ga. (C. of Ga.) (C. T.)	5:20	5:20	5:20	5:20	5:20	5:20	11:30	11:20	12:30
360.0	Ar. Columbia, S. C.	5:30	5:30	5:30	5:30	5:30	5:30	11:40	11:30	12:40
360.0	Lv. Hamlet, N. C. (S. A. L.) (E. T.)	5:40	5:40	5:40	5:40	5:40	5:40	11:50	11:40	12:50
360.0	Ar. Camden, S. C.	5:50	5:50	5:50	5:50	5:50	5:50	12:00	11:50	13:00
360.0	* Columbia, S. C.	6:00	6:00	6:00	6:00	6:00	6:00	12:10	12:00	13:10
360.0	* Savannah, Ga.	6:10	6:10	6:10	6:10	6:10	6:10	12:20	12:10	13:20
360.0	* Thomas, Ga.	6:20	6:20	6:20	6:20	6:20	6:20	12:30	12:20	13:30
360.0	Lv. Thomas, Ga. (A. B. & C. R. R.)	6:30	6:30	6:30	6:30	6:30	6:30	12:40	12:30	13:40
360.0	Ar. Brunswick, Ga.	6:40	6:40	6:40	6:40	6:40	6:40	12:50	12:40	13:50
360.0	Ar. Jacksonville, Fla. (S. A. L.)	6:50	6:50	6:50	6:50	6:50	6:50	13:00	12:50	14:00
360.0	Lv. Jacksonville, Fla.	7:00	7:00	7:00	7:00	7:00	7:00	13:10	13:00	14:10
360.0	Ar. Ocala, Fla. (Silver Springs)	7:10	7:10	7:10	7:10	7:10	7:10	13:20	13:10	14:20
360.0	* Wildwood, Fla.	7:20	7:20	7:20	7:20	7:20	7:20	13:30	13:20	14:30
360.0	Ar. Auburndale, Fla.	7:30	7:30	7:30	7:30	7:30	7:30	13:40	13:30	14:40
360.0	* Winter Haven (Florence Villa)	7:40	7:40	7:40	7:40	7:40	7:40	13:50	13:40	14:50
360.0	* West Lake Wales, Fla.	7:50	7:50	7:50	7:50	7:50	7:50	14:00	13:50	15:00
360.0	* Avon Park, Fla.	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	14:10	14:00	15:10
360.0	* Sebring, Fla.	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10	14:20	14:10	15:20
360.0	* Okechobee, Fla.	8:20	8:20	8:20	8:20	8:20	8:20	14:30	14:20	15:30
360.0	* West Palm Beach, Fla.	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	14:40	14:30	15:40
360.0	* Lake Worth, Fla.	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	8:40	14:50	14:40	15:50
360.0	* Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.	8:50	8:50	8:50	8:50	8:50	8:50	15:00	14:50	16:00
360.0	* Hollywood, Fla.	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	15:10	15:00	16:10
360.0	* Miami, Fla.	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10	15:20	15:10	16:20
360.0	Lv. Jacksonville, Fla.	9:20	9:20	9:20	9:20	9:20	9:20	15:30	15:20	16:30
360.0	Ar. Plant City, Fla.	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	15:40	15:30	16:40
360.0	Lv. Plant City, Fla.	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	9:40	15:50	15:40	16:50
360.0	Ar. Arcadia, Fla.	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50	9:50	16:00	15:50	17:00
360.0	Lv. Boca Grande, Fla.	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00	10:00	16:10	16:00	17:10
360.0	Ar. Ft. Myers, Fla.	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10	16:20	16:10	17:20
360.0	* Naples, Fla.	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20	10:20	16:30	16:20	17:30
360.0	Ar. Tampa, Fla.	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	16:40	16:30	17:40
360.0	Lv. Tampa, Fla.	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40	10:40	16:50	16:40	17:50
360.0	Ar. Palmetto-Ellenton, Fla.	10:50	10:50	10:50	10:50	10:50	10:50	17:00	16:50	18:00
360.0	* Manatee, Fla. (Bradenton)	11:00	11:00	11:00	11:00	11:00	11:00	17:10	17:00	18:10
360.0	* Bradenton, Fla.	11:10	11:10	11:10	11:10	11:10	11:10	17:20	17:10	18:20
360.0	* Sarasota, Fla.	11:20	11:20	11:20	11:20	11:20	11:20	17:30	17:20	18:30
360.0	* Venice, Fla.	11:30	11:30	11:30	11:30	11:30	11:30	17:40	17:30	18:40
360.0	Lv. Port Tampa, Fla.	11:40	11:40	11:40	11:40	11:40	11:40	17:50	17:40	18:50
360.0	Ar. Havana, Cuba	11:50	11:50	11:50	11:50	11:50	11:50	18:00	17:50	19:00
360.0	* Clearwater, Fla. (S. A. L.)	12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00	18:10	18:00	19:10
360.0	* Belleair, Fla.	12:10	12:10	12:10	12:10	12:10	12:10	18:20	18:10	19:20
360.0	* St. Petersburg, Fla.	12:20	12:20	12:20	12:20	12:20	12:20	18:30	18:20	19:30

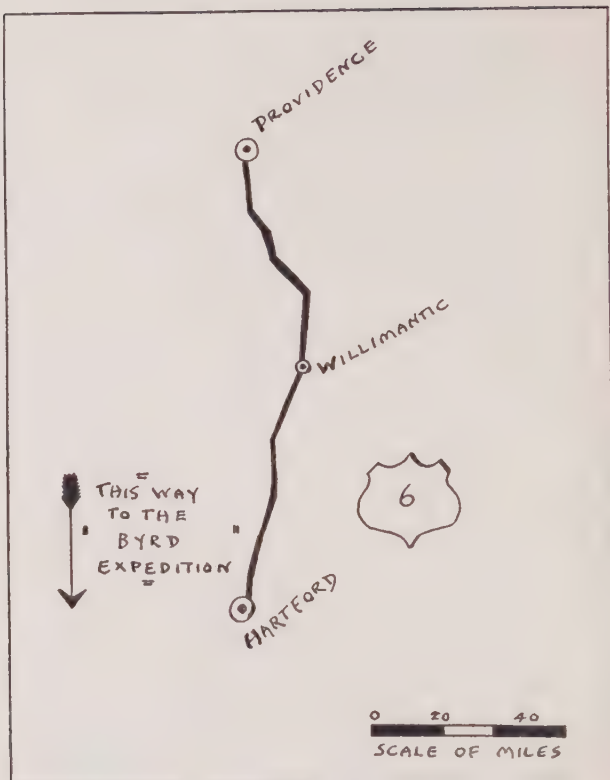
That's my story and I'll stick to it. But I would *never* allow this to appear in public print because, as I said before, "Religion is a bad thing to argue about."

All of which puts me in mind of the fact that years ago I worked in the Last Chance Signal Tower, on Yellow Dog Hill, in the Western part of the State of Wyoming, Texas. In those days we did twenty-four-hour shifts. I relieved myself. This night I was working overtime. Of a sudden, the trap door that led to the tracks below opened; a man with a mask sprang into the tower, shoved a forty-five in my face and hissed, "Throw up your hands."

As I stood there with my hands high over my head, fascinated by the glittering barrel of his gun, I says, "There's a coincidence. You holding me up in this fashion puts me in mind of the oddest thing you ever heard of. Now this is a positive fact. Years ago I lived in Evansville, Indiana, on the corner

of Fourth and Oak. Two blocks from my house, at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut, a man by the name of Bill Hacker ran a grocery store. Every evening my mother would say, 'Joseph, run down to Mr. Hacker's store, buy a bottle of milk, bring it home, put it in the ice-box, and you'll have it in the morning to pour over your cereal before you go to school.' I attended the Canal St. School, which was one block in the opposite direction on Mulberry St.

"Well, sir, my favorite cereal was cornflakes. Every morning I would come down stairs, go to the cupboard, take a tin of evaporated milk—I knew there was no use in going to the ice-box, I was too lazy to go after the regular milk—then I would punch two holes in the top of the tin, take a box of cornflakes, pour them into the bowl—I was allowed two spoonful of sugar if anyone was looking—then I would pour the evaporated milk over the cornflakes and, believe



Most Direct Route from Hartford to Providence
via Willimantic

(See Page 41)

Below you will find a list of New York night clubs where a marvelous time can be had for little or nothing.

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space here is too valuable to print the rules of the game, so if you don't know how to play it, that's your tough luck, and only goes to prove you weren't around much when you were a kid. No wonder you bought this book.



Now that you have finished your game of Tick-Tack-Toe, give it a few minutes to settle, and then try to figure out what was inside when I cut open the cake. Well, sir, you will probably fall out of your upper berth, off your morris chair, or roll on the

floor when I tell you. But not to cause too severe a shock, hereby be warned that when you hear the number—99—called, be prepared for the answer.

There's the whistle . . . 17-76 . . . 18-65 . . . 18-98 . . . shift . . . 99!—CINNAMON! The whole cake was made of cinnamon, the inside was cinnamon, the outside was cinnamon, as they say in East St. Louis, "It was one hunk of cinnamon." You could have pushed me, the King, over with a light feather. Rising to my majestic height of 15° 30' 30", five-foot-four, I proclaimed the demand to know, who had the nerve to place before the King, a cake, made entirely out of cinnamon.*

Pushing over the bouquet of lileelacs, the Princess sprang to both her feet and says, "Father, you may have put me out of the house, but I am still fond of cinnamon."

*To CLEAN BATH TUBS: Put a little turpentine on the cloth with scouring powder. Rub it on any stains and they will come off immediately.

kel från Buzza, där de inte endast få en dubbelvisp, utan locket på asken är utfört i den där nya Perroquet-proceduren i akvarell. Jag är så förbannat trött på att trumfa i alla handlande att akvarellfärgerna inte sitter i, ty de svara alltid "Vad gör det? Ingen vispar ägg med kartonglocket. Vi är nöjda bara de håller över disken och ut genom dörren." Så det är bäst att er strategiska försäljningsavdelning hittar på något nytt knep åt oss resande.

Nej, jag har ingenting på hjärtat — inte något särskilt åtminstone. Men jag skulle önska jag kunde få en vecka ledigt, ty jag känner mig inte riktigt pigg.

DENNY.

P. S. Bröderna Mokowitz påstå att de ha skickat in en stor order per post, varför de ej behövde något, när jag sökte upp dem. Och ändå har jag inte märkt att den ordern kom på mitt konto, Mokowitz rapportera stor omsättning i konfirmationskort.



denny kerrigan 5 juli
x 261 ld tower bldg chicago ill
brev bekommet chefen ber dig komma
omedelbart och rapportera

al

crouched behind a huge bouquet of lileelacs that was standing on the table.

A visiting fireman handed me a bread-knife to cut open the wedding cake that my daughter had fried that morning. After a few well-chosen words, in which I frankly depreciated my ability at public speaking—and slipping in a pip of a story about two Irishmen—all except the point, which escaped my memory at the moment—I grasped the bread-knife with a flourish which would have done credit to “Beefsteak Charley,” and cut the cake into shreds. What do you suppose was inside?

You’d never guess if I gave you from now till doomsday. I can’t spare that much time, but to give all of you a chance to guess, and to pass the time in an athletic manner, we herewith furnish, with our compliments (at these prices we cannot supply pencils), a blank game of Tick-Tack-Toe.

With real estate continually going up,

"Hello," she says, "Is this the King?"

I says, "Yes."

She says, "Well, how have you been?"

"Fine," I says, "How have you been?"

"Well, I can't complain. How's everything?"

And I says, "Fine. How's everything with you?"

"Splendid."

And I says, "How's all the folks?"

She says, "Great."

And I says, "How about yourself, how do you feel?"

She says, "Wonderful."

I says, "You're looking well."

She says, "Do you think so?"

I says, "Why, you're looking marvelous. How do you feel?"

She says, "Fine."

Just then Central cut us off for a couple of minutes, but after we had been connected again, I says, "Well, how have you been?"

She says, "Well, I don't feel so good."

"Why I'm certainly glad to hear that.
How's your uncle?"

"I have no uncle."

So I says, "How is he?"

She says, "Fine."

So I says, "Now that that's all cleared
up, what do you want?"

"We're going to have a wedding breakfast
at our house and we want you to come right
over and join the feast."

I says, "All right, I'll be right over." So
I hopped on my bicycle and rode over to the
house, with *both* hands off the handle bars—
and to plenty of applause, mind you.

Now just close your eyes in the manner of
Ruddy Valet, and picture this scene of
grandeur. I, the King, in his royal robes,
and the family, all seated around the
kitchen table drinking Pol Roger, 1915. The
King was sure settin' pretty. My daughter,
the Princess, unbeknownst to me, was

earth or what?"

And my son says, "Why I love you, pop." And I, the old King, reiterated, "Atta boy, old-timer. Atta boy."

And turning to my daughter, I says, "Tellect me, Greta, whom dost thou lovest best on this earth or what?"*

Now what do you suppose she said? The daughter whom I had raised from a fairly small child. What do you suppose she said to her old daddy, a man with whiskers down to his ankles, longer even than any man in the House of David Band? When I tell you, you will probably drop this book in amazement and pace up and down the room for four or five days. I'll give you a couple of minutes to go out in the pantry and mix yourself a bracer so that you will be able to withstand the shock.

*TO STOP MOUSE HOLES: Plug the holes with ordinary brown soap. This will also prevent rats, roaches or ants from getting into the house.

Now that your nerves are steady, I will tell you what my daughter said to me. She said, "Why, father, I love cinnamon the best."

Can you beat that? Isn't that disgusting? Cinnamon! The stuff you put on top of hot cross buns. I says, "What! You love cinnamon the best. Then hie thee from the castle. Outside. Take the air."

Well, sir, there happened to be a family living around the corner who was looking for a girl to help with the housework, so my daughter takes the job. Nice position, no heavy washing to do, no children to take care of, with the exception of one grown son whom she marries.

The lady of the house called up the King's flat. She got me on the phone right away—which makes this sound like a fairy tale; nevertheless 'tis true. I was just getting ready to go out. I was putting on my overalls, being on the night shift at the time.

but, profile notwithstanding, I could take my pen a-hand and scribble down a tale that would cause an avalanche of heavings and sighs, that would sweep the world as it has never been swept before—and it has been pretty well dusted.

A love story would harm no one and probably cause no controversy. But picture my embarrassment. I am naturally bashful and shy. Imagine me walking down the street with my overcoat on—in case it was cool weather—and having people say, “There he goes. That’s him. There’s the fellow that wrote: ‘her snowy white arms stole around his manly shoulders. As he drew her form divine closer and closer to him, her bosom heaved and trembled in anticipation of the kiss that he would press on her full red lips, while the cooing of two doves nearby seemed to enthrall one with exotic abandonment’.”

(I wrote this page while standing on my hands)

If I wrote mush like that I would have to spend the rest of my life ducking through back alleys or grow a beard to hide my shame.

It is an old saying of Ring Lardner's that: "Religion is a bad thing to argue about."

With which I quite agree.

Being a firm believer in reincarnation, I could write a story, which is a true story, that would bring us back to the days of knights if I wanted to tell about the time when I was a great King and had a son and daughter, the Prince and Princess, whom I called unto myself as was my wont. Note well the old English used there: "As was my wont." You see, this is an old-time tale and happened way back in the medieval ages—four or five years ago this took place.

I says to my children, I says, "Children, tellest me, who dost thou lovest best on this



“The Limpid Waters Reflected the Sky’s Brilliant Hues”
(See Page 36)

be in. While I appreciate the friends I have made in the large cities—mighty fine people all of them—(a few rats here and there), I don't intend to wound the feelings of any of my old pals living in the smaller places.

Of course, a story of adventure, like the foregoing, shouldn't upset anybody, except from the fact that I, in writing it, would probably make it so interesting that it would cause thousands of boys and girls to leave their homes in quest of "The Golden Fleece." What a fine fix I would be in then, having all these children's mothers and fathers hounding me as the cause of their kids running away.

When thought of the dire need of a book by me first entered my nimble brain, I immediately called to mind that thing which makes the world go round and said, "Joe, old kid, old boy, you are just the egg to write a blazing love story."

You may not think this to look at me,

turn around and boost the west.”*

On the other hand, I could write a corking good story about the east. New England’s beautiful pastoral scenes which give a man of my ability unlimited scope. Or, I could turn to the turmoil of New York City itself—one of the largest cities in the country. The Bowery, weird Chinatown, hectic Wall Street, squalid tenements, the Subway Express, roaring “L” trains, Grant’s Tomb, and other excitement. But then the citizens of every small town in the land would be up in arms.

“For shame,” the cry would go throughout the nation.

“He came from a small town,” they would howl, “and this, his first literary monument, he dedicates to the big city.”

So you can see the predicament I would

*CARE OF OIL LAMPS: Empty the lamp once a week and wash the reservoir thoroughly with hot water and soap. Dry it before filling with oil.

(SEE PRETTY PICTURE ON NEXT PAGE)

MY reason for not wanting to imitate four Hawaiians is a very sad one. It is taken from life, is not a motion picture, and cross my heart, this is why I will not imitate four Hawaiians.

Not that I, for a split second, would attempt to discredit Thomas A. Edison. But, at peace with the world, pursuing the even tenor of my way, having nothing but clean thoughts in my mind, I was strolling through the park one day when a hand was laid roughly on my shoulder, and as I wheeled around, getting the draw on him with my sawed-off shot-gun, Old Man Schuster, of Simon and Schuster (whom you must hold responsible for this; I'm in the clear), says, "Joe, why don't you write a book and tell the world why you will not imitate four Hawaiians?"

Little did he know that just the other day, I got myself in a corner, away from the madding crowd, and looking myself squarely

in both eyes, said, "Joe—if I'm not getting too familiar calling you by your first name—why don't you write a book?"

"Say," says I, "that's a swell idea." So, handing myself a fine cigar from my inexhaustible stock, I linked arms with myself and took a stroll about the grounds to talk the matter over.

After a moment or two of silence, I spoke up and said, "Joe"—

"What is it, Cookie?" says I.

"It's a cinch to write a book, but the main thing is, writing a book that won't cause any dissension or hurt anybody's feelings. For instance, you could write a book of the Golden West that would make better men and women of our people."

But, what would be the result if I did? All the eastern people would get sore. "Here he hangs out in the east most of the time," they would say, "and yet, when he gets the chance to write a book, what does he do, but

W H Y

I WILL NOT IMITATE

FOUR

HAWAIIANS

The two Hawaiians that I am now imitating consist of the first Hawaiian playing the Eucalyptus, the second Hawaiian playing the violin. I will even do better than that. I'll imitate three Hawaiians. Now a fellow can't do more than that, can he? Three Hawaiians: the first Hawaiian playing the Erysipelas, the second Hawaiian the violin, and the third Hawaiian keeping time with his foot. I could imitate four Hawaiians, but I won't. And I will tell you why I won't.

W H Y
I W I L L N O T I M I T A T E
F O U R
H A W A I I A N S

Dedicated to
STONEWALL JACKSON

a colored boy shot up the police force. Taking a stroll between shows, with my make-up on, the local citizens, mistaking me for the other culprit, chased me to the outer edge of the town where they finally caught up with me, since I didn't have time to change to my running pants. Hauled to a nearby walnut tree, without further ado I was hung.

Two weeks later it rained, and the same citizens, passing by on their way to a 'possum hunt, noticed my cleansed countenance, cut me down, and after sincere apologies and mint juleps, I joined the hunt and had the jolly good luck to bag the only two-horned, ring-tailed, hump-backed 'possum ever seen south of the Mason and Dixon line. Italy produces the majority of Italians.

Having successfully found the Isle of Lost Ships, solved perpetual motion, and proved the fallacy of Newton's theory of gravity, I feel that I've earned my rating as top sergeant and am willing at any time to hang up my sword, if there is a man among you who can prove that I have ever failed to keep or break a campaign promise.

I can in all sincerity state that I owe my success to the fact that fear of the law has kept me on the straight if narrow path, and that if I am elected to the office on which I have had my eye for so many years—the presidency of these United States—I will see that old Joe Cook is well taken care of. However, anything left over you may all share among you, giving me only the regular agent's commission, and a nominal rake-off for handling charges.

P. S.:—Think of a number between one and ten. Cut the cards, fasten securely. Then lie on back, and place one foot in each corner of room. When children awake, start adding vanilla, making sure no one sees rabbit in hat. With less practice this will seem easy. Be sure to take the halter off, before blindfold is applied. A dandy answer will be supplied free with each bottle purchased.

The Manufacturers



PRELUDE

The Story of My Life—So Help Me

FIRST of all, I am worth millions of dollars. The fact that I was born in a private family proves that my parents must have been well-to-do. My tender age, at the time of birth, created quite a bit of favorable comment. I was the only child in kindergarten that chewed tobacco. The parents of all the other little boys and girls begged me to teach their children this delightful habit. Gertrude Ederle was the first woman to swim the English Channel.

At the age of eighteen, my father asked me if I would mind going to work. He kept on asking me this favor for five consecutive years, but I had a mind of my own.

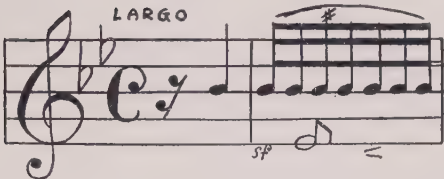
Finally, my mother said, "Well, father, if the boy won't go to work, why don't *you* go out and look for a job?"

Father effected a compromise by agreeing to hunt up something as soon as we had used up the money from the accident insurance company, for grandma's falling off the roof. Father really pushed her off but he was only fooling.

But grandma's accident was trivial compared to a catastrophe that occurred several years ago. I went on the stage. I was away down south doing a blackface act when

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THEME SONG



Through the lilting glint of the campfire's gleam
And the wilted darkness of a thrush unseen
Stalked a thought unclothed in brightness rare
While the granite of time hung balanced there.

Brash thought of morrow, less tempered wine
Avalanched their sorrow through shattered vine
Enough of such carnage, let magenta avail
Shout the song of the yearlings, so on with the tale.

(Practically all rights reserved)



JOE COOK
AND HIS
FOUR HAWAIIANS

[Title Page]

THE TRUE REASON
WHY I WILL NOT
IMITATE FOUR
HAWAIIANS

By

JOE COOK

Author of
"Why I Will Not Imitate Four Hawaiians", etc.

SIMON AND SCHUSTER
Publishers-1930-New York

pened; for instance: believe it or not—there is a man in New Zealand who can hold five billiard balls in his mouth at one time. Of course, that was before the days of cash registers.

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IN addition to the radium stock which you received with this volume, turn a page and discover that there is no limit to our generosity once we get started. Turn to the back of the book. There we place at your disposal five blank pages—*at no extra cost, mind you.*

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OTHER BOOKS

read

BY JOE COOK

The Three Musketeers

A Tale of Two Cities

The Scarlet Letter

Uncle Tom's Cabin

The Hunchback of Notre Dame

The Merchant of Venice

The Decameron

The Odyssey

The Iliad

Virgil's Aeneid

Lurville H. Vidal
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thus giving you the satisfaction of being stung twice in the same place, which is more than a bee can do.

Although these mines have not yet been discovered, they are likely to be any minute now, as I am keeping my eyes open and very little escapes me. Should I run across any radium mines, you have my word of honor as an old Evansvillian, that I will share each and every quart of radium found with every purchaser of this book who produces a certificate, properly framed. I mean the certificate, not the purchaser.

So don't be a fool and let any of your friends wheedle you out of your certificate, as stranger things have hap-

NUMBER

943,432,471-H

CAPITAL

The Joe Cook Amal Radium

OF NORTH

Our
NEVER GIVE A SUC

Honorary President

JESSE JAMES, ESQ.

PAR VALUE

NONE

In Witness Whereof, the duly authorized
scribed their names and caused the corporate
day of.....A.D. 1930.

*It is hereby understood that in case by accident I should happen
worth something, the purchaser agrees to sell back
which you may rest*

SHARES
10

OCK OF

amated Anticipated Mines

ERICA

otto

ER AN EVEN BREAK

Vice-President
DICK TURPIN

VERY
COMMON STOCK

icers of this corporation have hereunto sub-
l to be hereto affixed, this

tumble on a Radium Mine, thereby making this certificate
said certificate to the company at our own price,
ured will be very small



P8-CBF-742

